OLYMPIA SOARES

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

Olympia Soares

(1892 -)

Born in Honolulu, Miss Soares is the daughter of Antonio V. and Rachel F. Soares who came to Hawaii as missionaries from Springfield, Illinois in 1890. Under the auspices of the Hawaiian Board of Missions, they established a Portuguese Evangelical Church and church school in the vicinity of Queen's Hospital on Miller Street. O.P. Soares, the second of three sons, became a prominent local attorney.

Miss Soares graduated from McKinley High School and the Territorial Normal School. She taught for awhile at Kalihi Waena Elementary School, and then at Waialae School from 1928 until her retirement in 1956.

Miss Soares recalls her parents' missionary work in Honolulu, describes their attitudes and character, relates many family anecdotes, and reminisces about her own childhood and the Soares family's way of life.

Lynda Mair, Interviewer

INTERVIEW WITH OLYMPIA SOARES

At her Arcadia apartment, 1434 Punahou Street, Honolulu 96822

October 18, 1971

S: Olympia Soares

M: Lynda Mair, Interviewer

M: Start off with where your parents came from, a little of their background, and how and why they came.

S: Well, that would have to go to my grandfather, I guess.

M: Okay. And as you go along, if you could give me their full names so that I'll be sure I have them.

S: Of course I never knew my grandfather, you see. (long pause) Oh, let me see. I guess. . . . Ask me without my being on that business [recorder] first. (recorder turned off and on again)

M: All right. I'm the only one that will listen to the tape anyway, so it won't matter that much. I'll understand what you were saying. (chuckles) Okay, go ahead now.

S: All right. My paternal grandfather was from Saint George, Azores and where they lived, like a little district, was called Ursulina. U-R--Ursulina.

M: Is that with an S or a Z?

S: S. Portuguese, S; Spanish, Z. And he was a teacher also, as well as a notary public. This was my father's father. He had, I think, three sons and two daughters and I'm named after Olympia, after the oldest daughter. They were very, very devout Catholics. My father's brother, John, was living in Springfield, Illinois after being married. He was a whaler and my mother used to say that they [the whalers] came to an island where they called the people kanakas, so she got the idea after coming here that maybe it had been these [Hawaiian] Islands.

I don't know how he happened to go to Springfield, because those who had come from Madeira came because of

religious persecution, but of course that was the next generation. Well anyhow, when my father came from the Azores, he came to live with his brother, John, and Uncle John's father-in-law--his wife's father--was a very, very devout Protestant who had come away from the Island of Madeira because of religious persecution which had started quite a ways back with Dr. Kalley, who was on his way to China as a medical missionary. His wife became very, very ill so they had to stop at the Island of Madeira and when he saw the superstition and poverty of the people, he felt that since he couldn't go to China he could be a missionary right there on the Island of Madeira.

He was a wonderful doctor it seems, of Scotch ancestry, and he would treat the people for their medical [needs]. He found that they were kept from progressing: they weren't allowed to read, they didn't know anything about the religious facts except from their Church. So he treated them, and I was told that when he'd wrap the medicine he'd tear out pages of the Bible, you know, and wrap the medicine in that. And he would tell them, "Yes, you are sick, but you have a sickness even worse than what you think you have." And they'd say, "Doctor, what can that be?" He said, "Your soul is sick." And then he'd tell his part of Christianity, because the Catholics are wonderful but the only thing was that they would not let the people read and learn to read. Of course some on their own would because there were very many educated people among the Portuguese people, but they were kept down because some of the things they taught were not in the Bible and Dr. Kalley would tell them, of course. He just converted ever so many. So that went on for awhile.

M: Do you know how you spell that name--Kalley?

S: K-A-L-L-E-Y. So, now where did I leave off?

M: Well, you were talking about he was just converting people.

S: Oh yes. He even started a school and he had a wonderful library. For a few years I don't think it came to the attention of the higher-ups of the Catholic Church, but when they did find out, they took the Bibles and burnt them. They had a great big bonfire. I have a friend in Illinois whose grandmother's Bible she still has, showing how it was burnt, you know. They pulled it out of the fire.

So finally they confiscated the property of the people who were converted, and of course the Bibles were burned, and they wanted to take his life so I think he--oh, they burned his library. I've read that it was a valuable library. You see, many English people came to Ma-

deira for trade and they had a good deal to do with lots of the trade work. There were many, many Britishers living in Madeira--Funchal, I guess; that's the capital--and they had to dress him as a woman to escape for his life when he went back to. . . . His health had kind of broken down but he came back in later years. Anybody who valued their life, ran away for their life; and so many, many hundreds of them went to Trinidad--none of my family--but they couldn't take the weather there, and I guess sanitation and everything.

I know that my grandfather and my uncle and his side of the family migrated to New York. My grandfather's brother worked in the American Bible Society. He remained in New York but the rest of them. . . . Illinois was a great farming place so they sent an invitation to these people stranded in New York--living in New York--and my grandfather and his wife and others accepted the call. It was really a universal thing because those who were farmers went to Jacksonville, thirty miles from Springfield. My grandfather was a cabinetmaker and he had a trade so he stayed right in Springfield, Illinois. And later he was the one that, with another carpenter, added the story to Lincoln's house on Seventh Avenue, Springfield, you know.

M: Oh really?

S: And his wife sewed for Mrs. Lincoln.

M: Oh my gosh.

S: And the fact that we kind of laugh about it is that she never wanted to pay, you know, so my uncle would go to Lincoln's home and he'd say, "Well, what is it you want?" He said, "Well, my wife wants her money for making garments for your wife." I can see my mother saying, "And he'd put his hand deep down in his pocket and would pay him." [Abraham and Mary Ann Todd Lincoln]

M: Before we go ahead, give me the name now of this grandfather. This is your paternal grandfather.

S: No, no. Maternal. First I started with the paternal, and I don't know too much about that. Maybe that wasn't recorded but I said that he also taught. They called him Professor. Teachers were called professors there. And a notary public he was. And then my father came as a young boy--oh, I guess old enough to have a sweetheart--because my mother said when he got to Illinois to live with his brother, she'd hear him crying for his Katrina, I think it was, and reciting the Rosary and praying and all that. But because my maternal grandfather was such a consecrated

Christian, not that he proselyted in any way but [in] his [way of] life, my father just thought that that was the religion to embrace, so he became a devout Protestant and married Rachel [Augusta Fernandes], my grandfather's daughter.

M: Oh, I see. Okay.

S: Wait, wait, wait. Yes, that's my father [Antonio Victorino Soares].

M: Now I've got to go back and ask you a couple of questions because I can see that I'm going to end up confused. (laughter)

S: Well, I'm afraid I'm not very consecutive.

M: No, that's fine. I can get most things straightened out later, but now your father's . . .

S: My father was Antonio Victorino Soares.

M: Okay. Now his father was the one that lived in Ursulina.

S: Ursalina, yes. And he did too, as a young man.

M: And he came to this country . . .

S: Only the son came. Two sons came to America.

M: Your father and his brother.

S: And his brother, John, but he was a whaler and we don't know just how he happened to come to [Springfield]. You see, the information I could get was only on my maternal side. We never thought of asking questions, you know.

M: I know what you mean. Same thing in my family. (laughter)

S: But I knew a few incidents of my father because he had the two brothers. They went fishing a good deal and he was younger and they never wanted him to go. So he'd tie a string on the one brother's toe and onto his toe and then when they got up in the morning it woke him up and he went with them. (laughter) That he told me himself. He loved fishing; he loved the ocean.

So then he married this Rachel. Rachel Augusta Fernandes. That's my maternal grandfather's name. The other one [Soares] is my paternal grandfather, and this one is my maternal grandfather whose name was Fernandes.

M: Okay. Your mother's father, now, is the one you were talking about, was the cabinetmaker, came to escape the persecution. He was the Protestant.

S: Yes. And the children were all born in America--my mother and her two sisters and a brother. They were all in Illinois.

M: Um hm. Okay. I think I've got it square. Now let's see. Your parents were married then. About when was that, do you know?

S: I think my maternal grandfather, as far as I could get, they came to America in 1850. I think that was it. And oh, I have all her love letters to my father. They're just beautiful. Now I don't know just--'course I could look that up after awhile if you want--when they were married. [1881] But anyway he worked at the YMCA, did a good deal of work there, but his trade was damasking in the watch factory. You know all that fancy business inside?

M: What did they call it?

S: Damasking. Damasking.

M: For heaven's sakes, I've never heard that word before. Just like damask tablecloth?

S: I think so, I think so--only on gold, you see. I have my mother's watch that has that in it.

M: This was your father's trade.

S: My grand . . .

M: Now who are we talking about?

S: Wait. My father, yes. (laughter) Antonio Victorino Soares. That was his trade.

M: Okay.

S: There was lots of opposition. She was raised by an aunt because her mother died when she was just three years old, I think, and a strange thing to say is I was just three and a half when my own mother died--this Rachel.

Of course it was a Presbyterian Church, you see--the Fourth Presbyterian--but she also taught Sunday School in the other Presbyterian Church, the English-speaking. The Protestant Portuguese had their own and then she'd go and

help in the other church also. The superintendent was Abraham Lincoln's brother-in-law and he gave her, when she was married, a set of sterling silver teaspoons that I turned over to my niece who was named after my mother, Rachel. She was a very consecrated woman. My mother told me that when she was twelve, I think, and with her uncle and aunt, they were having their family devotions and when she got up she said, oh, that she had given her heart to Jesus and she wanted to be a missionary. So in 1890 her dream came true. She and my father came to the Hawaiian Islands, sent through the Hawaiian Board of Missions.

During that interim, the Central Union Church would see these children without any education at all. You see, they came as sugar plantation workers, you know, for the sugar cane; and the priests in those days, they didn't think of having schools for the children--I mean a religious school like they have catechism now--and the expression was that they were like sheep without a shepherd. And the Central Union people started Sunday Schools for them. They were so eager to learn that it got beyond control and they felt that something must be done to take over.

So then Mr. P.C. Jones said that he would give five thousand dollars if they sent for a mission worker but it had to be used that year. So then they knew about this Protestant colony in Springfield and Jacksonville, Illinois and they went there to search for someone and the minister of the church said, well, the only one that he knew would be Tony [Soares]. So they talked things over. My brother was just a little fellow. Of course there must have been lots of discussion between my father and mother, and he would pick up a paper--my brother would--and he used to go around and say, "My dear folks, I don't know." (laughter) So from that I gather that they were trying to make up their minds and it was . . .

M: You weren't born then, I take it?

S: No. It wasn't an easy decision, you see, because my mother and father couldn't carry a tune, I understand, and they felt that that was very important in that work. But it didn't handicap them at all because Portuguese people are musical and the church was really known later as "the singing church" because we loved to sing and some of them had wonderful voices. Many a time we'd have a quartet or duet, you know. Very good singers. So that didn't hinder their work at all.

So then they were sent for and they went to Jacksonville also and they got a young man, Robert Baptiste. He was much younger and I think was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, while my father was born in the Azores and my

mother in Springfield. And then a Mr. Pires, who was at the head of the Portuguese church in Jacksonville, he was an ordained minister.

M: Pires. How do you spell that?

S: P-I-R-E-S. He came with them, since being an ordained man. He stayed several months and helped with the work here, going from island to island. Wherever they found many Portuguese, they tried to establish a mission there but it wasn't so easy. Of course going to Illinois it was just pick up any Protestant you wanted because they were all of that group that came for religious persecution.

They'd have meetings in private homes and in a few months--I think no more than six months--they built a little church--the Hawaiian Board of Missions--and that was a two-room building. One was for the church services and the other was for the schoolwork. They had classes. And then my father and mother started--and when I speak now it's all of my own mother. They started reading classes and teaching them how to read and so forth and so on. They were really ambitious people.

It got so that it was too many [people] for the little church. And then in 1896, I think it was. . . . You've heard a good deal maybe about the cornerstone being found in that hotel that was originally a church.

M: Yeh. [The former Portuguese Evangelical Church]

S: So they had a lovely church, very nice church. That's the one I remember and my father was there. Well, before he died it was actually fifty years that he had given his life for that work.

So they kept increasing, increasing and the other church was too small and then they came but, oh, that's when there was persecution, you know. Lots of persecution. So my father figured that they wouldn't be willing to come into a church building but they'd be willing to be on a street corner and so he had open-air meetings and lots of people would come to that. But when it came to the beginning to persecute--you know, throwing things--my father thought it wasn't the right thing to do because he also had work in Kakaako and Kakaako was a flourishing Sunday School that they had down there. Mrs. Theodore Richards--she was an Atherton, May [Mary Cushing] Atherton--she played the organ.

Oh, the Central Union [Church], all those people of the missionary families, they were wonderful. There was no race prejudice. Of course it shouldn't be race because they're all the same race, but there was no nationality prejudice. They treated my father and mother just wonder-

fully. They were connected with the Hawaiian Board of Missions and I think my father was one of the vice-presidents in later years. And I must say for my father, they never tried to take advantage, you know, in any way.

Now this is off the record, but every year Mr. Castle would give the ministers ten dollars and when it came that my father received his, he telephoned right away. "Is that for personal use or is it for the mission work?" Mr. Castle said right away, "I know who telephoned. That was Mr. Soares," (laughter) because he was very, very careful. And you know, they start with seventy-five dollars. Of course seventy-five dollars was good money I guess in those days.

M: When your parents were brought over, were they paid a salary then and did the church find them a house and take care of the home?

S: Yes. Well, the Hawaiian Board of Missions, they did all that. Later years we became independent and then they paid my father's salary. When he retired they gave him a hundred [dollars]. But I think he reached a hundred and fifty. But all those years, you know, and he worked and he wouldn't think of any--he didn't come for the money side. Of course we had to live and the slogan in our family was, from my father, "We have enough for necessities but not for luxuries." (laughter) I was brought up on that and it never hurt me. Of course we had such a lovely family life, you know.

M: Uh huh.

S: My father would just play with us like a big lion and I'd get on his back, you know. We had a lovely family life. He gave his time to the people of the church and he gave his time to his family. He never neglected us in any way. I used to think that he wasn't appreciated enough but he was. The people dearly loved him. Even to this day they're always saying Mr. Soares did this and that. And another thing: when they opened up Wahiawa for the pineapple, well, he knew the head man, Mr. Clark, and Mr. Clark came to him and said, "Mr. Soares, I'll give you an acre of land for a dollar." And my father said, "I did not come here to make money; I came here to win souls for Christ." And of course we never resented that in later years. Never! Now I think one of the in-laws felt that maybe he should have done that (laughter) but we never felt that way.

You see, one handicap that my father found: in those days there weren't these ministers that would come like they do today, and even in my girlhood, from the United

States and give their ideas and their ways. Of course my father read avidly. He was an avid reader. He read always in English; he preached in Portuguese.

We went to Santa Cruz, a camp there for the religious workers. My father and I went, and then when they found out that he worked among the Catholics, they asked him to speak. So he gave his talk and they said, How is it that you could have a church full of converted Catholics?" Because of the persecution. I hope I'm not saying anything against any religion because we don't believe in that, but in the early days the Catholic Church was not as broad as they are today.

M: No. I know that.

S: And the priests all were . . . (microphone is off momentarily) Most of these, I think, are American-born and there's that feeling of, you know--just wonderful.

M: There's tolerance.

S: I must say this, my father never once would say anything against the Catholic Church; never. And people today who were not converted, are still Catholic and friendly, say he would come to call but he would never say, "You should come to this church." Never once, and I know that. So when he was asked in Santa Cruz--Mount Hermon it was--"How is it you can have a church of converted Catholics?" he said, "I do not antagonize; I preach Christ and Him crucified." And never once did he say the Catholic Church. No, he read from the Bible and they would get it for themselves. It wasn't he; it was the Bible that they learnt, not from what he would say.

I don't know. I think it was a wonderful work, you know. It was kind of hard on us because we were minister's children.

M: Yeh. Tell me about it. How did the community treat the children and what kind of life did you have?

S: Well you see, we lived right among the people. The Catholics--they all had great respect for my father. I must tell you this, that in the early days. . . . And incidentally, some of his relatives were converted; this man never was, and if he saw my father in town, he'd cross the street so that his shadow wouldn't touch him or anything about him would contaminate him. Well, that never disturbed him. And then the sequel to that is that when my father died, Bishop Stephen of the Catholic Church crossed the street to sympathize with my mother, so you see how times have changed. My mother was buried at Central Union

[Church] because our little church would not hold all the people, and Catholics and all kinds of people were there [for the burial service]. They never did and you can't do that. Like today, you know, we can't do about communists and things like that. That's not the way, to antagonize. You just can't do it. So . . .

M: Where did your folks first live when they came?

S: Where the isolation ward of the Queen's Hospital is, there was in back a little shack, of course. I was born there and I don't remember that at all.

M: And the church was where?

S: The little two-room church was on the grounds which is now the isolation ward on Miller Street.

M: Oh, I see, and your folks lived right there.

S: And we lived in the same yard. Of course I don't remember a thing about that but I've heard it told--my mother. And mind you, the mission worker was living there too that came to teach; my mother, my mother's sister who later became my [step-]mother, and my father. Three women and my father. I was born there; so was Oliver--Rae [a male] was born in Illinois--and Francis, my youngest brother. The three of us were born in that little place. Some of the Central-Union women would come and on rainy days the place would be flooded, you know. Then the Hawaiian Board moved us to a lovely twelve-room house that was a Hawaiian boarding school in what we called Kinau Lane, now Pele Street.

M: That's Punchbowl?

S: Um hm, not too far from the church, really back of it, and that was living.

M: That must have been hard on your mother, though.

S: Well, we had a Chinese cook.

M: I mean living in that little place at first with a baby.

S: Oh, my own mother, yes, because my youngest brother was born there. But Rachel, the baby--she [my mother] died from childbirth--was in the big house. But, you know, it seems funny that her [Mother's] feet would swell but nothing seemed to be done about it. That showed kidney trouble, you know, and she died. I was just three years old.

M: So let's see. Your oldest brother is Rae.

S: Antonio Rae.

M: Is that Rae--R-A- . . .

S: R-A-E. I suppose it was their way of--for Rachel, you know, and I don't know why when I came they didn't call me Rachel. I never could stand Olympia, but over here at Arcadia [Retirement Residence] they seem to think it's a lovely name.

M: I think it is too.

S: So of course it showed that my grandfather was a good reader, you know, and that of course it's classical. [She was named after an aunt, her father's sister.] It's a classical name but I never cared for it. But I don't mind it now. What do I care. Like my second mother used to say, "I don't care what they call me, just so they call me in time to eat." (Lynda laughs)

M: Okay, let's see. (recorder turned off and on again)

S: Well, Oliver Emerson was Oliver Pomeroy Emerson but my mother named him [her brother] Oliver P.--Pedro for an uncle or somebody in her family--and Emerson. So he was named after him. [Oliver Pomeroy Emerson attended Punahou School, 1857-1865; graduated from Williams College in 1868 and from Andover Theological Seminary. Miss Soares' brother, named for him, was Oliver Pedro Soares.]

And then I came and I was Olympia, named after my father's old maid sister, and I'm an old maid too. (Lynda chuckles) And then Francis was named after A.F. Cooke [Amos Francis Cooke] and Francis is the one that's really dying right now at Kaiser's [Medical Center]. Anytime I expect to be called. I was there with him yesterday. Francis Cooke Soares.

M: What's your middle name?

S: I haven't any. They expected me to get married and use Soares as a middle name. (laughter)

M: You fooled them. Okay. And then your sister Rachel.

S: Yes, but my mother died from childbirth and we gave her to a wet-nurse to take care of and she didn't live long. She died.

M: Died as a baby.

S: Um hm.

M: About what year was it, then, that your mother died?

S: Eighteen ninety-five [1895], so she didn't get to see the new church at all. She worked hard for it but she was buried at Central Union [Church] down there on . . .

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The church was self-supporting quite awhile. And then they said that they'd give--oh, he got a pension. I think his [her father's] pension was a hundred dollars. You see, with the money that he had received from selling his two-story home in Illinois he was independent enough to buy a country place. First it was down at Waikiki where Fort DeRussy is and, our hard luck, the government took it over. (Lynda laughs) I mean by that that you can imagine what it would be worth today.

So with that money he bought up at I think above Waimano Home [now Waimano Training School and Hospital], Pearl City, quite a ways up on kind of a hill. Of course we had a horse and buggy and those were good old days.

M: This was when you were still a child when he had this property out there.

S: Well, not too young. At Waikiki we were quite small, but we didn't have that long. Of course years went in between I suppose, but Pearl City we'd go in the summertime. Of course my first mother knew nothing about that.

It was two years afterwards [in 1897] that my father proposed to my [step-] mother, and she was so hurt because she thought he'd never look at another woman after being such a devoted husband, and they were just madly in love with each other up to the end. But how could he raise us children? Francis wasn't two years old and then the baby came. Of course we didn't have her to raise. They were devoted, my father and my stepmother, because they had sense enough to know that the time comes when you have to do things like that.

Of course we had a very lovely Chinese cook, so my mother used to say she never knew what she was going to sit down at a meal to eat. Later on, of course, it didn't last too long but he was with us quite a number of years. Then we had the teachers, you know, from our mission school. They all lived with us.

M: Oh, you fed them too?

S: Yeh, but of course they paid but I think it was six dol-

lars a month (Lynda laughs) until finally it just couldn't be and so Mrs. A.F. Cooke, who was a staunch friend of my own mother and my stepmother. . . . I never thought of her as a stepmother. Of course that's what she was but I never thought of her as one. Of course I used to read an awful lot when I was a child too and these stepmothers didn't suit me too well, so I never thought of her as one. She wasn't in the reality. She dearly loved us. She had come to work in the mission school and she knew us as little children.

So Mrs. Cooke came when my Mother Rachel was living and she saw that something was disturbing her. So finally she asked her and she said that expenses were so high that she didn't know how they could go on. So then, somebody from Central Union Church went to speak to these teachers and they gave a little more each month so that that was easier. They say it's the wheel that squeaks that gets the oil. (laughter) We weren't that type and I don't regret it because I'd rather not be ambitious for material things. It's all right to have enough.

So we went to Koko Head Avenue. Oh, I didn't finish telling you about [the Waimano property]. Dillinghams wanted that property because they were raising cane all around there, you see, and so they came to my father and said that they would move everything down to the peninsula.

M: You mean Pearl Harbor.

S: Well, this side of Ford Island. They called it the peninsula. Of course my mother wanted the other side where the swimming was much better. They took up all the plants; they put everything down; everything was just as if it had not been moved. You know it hurts me when they run down the missionaries because they were wonderful. Well anyhow, we had that place.

Then finally, when my father moved for my benefit, we went to Kaimuki. Of course we didn't know then but if anybody asked, "Where do you want to be?" I'd say "Anywhere but Kaimuki." And I got to love it. It was a lovely location, Koko Head Avenue. People weren't living there in great numbers yet and my father loved the scenery, the ocean, the sunrises and sunsets. He came home and when I came home from school he said, "Eureka! Eureka!" He had found it. "I found it! I found it!" You know that expression.

So I went up to see it and, oh, I didn't like it because the land was sloping and the places weren't built up and the place in front of us was rocky and I thought, "Oh, not too much improvement," but he loved it. He loved to see the ships come in and the sunrises. Then he'd walk

around, just around the bend there, and watch the sunsets. The day he died he'd gone to see the sunset.

But when we lived there by the church, every evening after dinner he'd stand out on the little porch and his grandson would stand with him--he must have been, oh, I imagine four years old--and the two of them would just stand there gazing at it. Then this little fellow says, "Grandfather, who's painting it?" (Lynda laughs) And to me, I thought that was so beautifully put, you know, because it was like a painting. So, what next?

M: Well, one thing I want to ask you is what was your stepmother's name then?

S: Arcenia. Arcenia Fernandes. My mother's sister.

M: If you'll spell that for me. A-R- . . .

S: A-R-C-E-N-I-A. Um hm. Unusual name. And her middle name was Priscilla, but she had a stepmother and her stepmother didn't want her to use that name. So when my brother Rae, who was the first one to start The Black and Gold at old Honolulu High School, because it wasn't McKinley [High School] then--we had the Queen Emma home, you know. . . . [Fort Street School, renamed Honolulu High School and later renamed McKinley High School, occupied Princess Ruth's palace in 1895 and continued to operate there until a new building was constructed in 1907 at the corner of Beretania and Victoria streets.]

M: Yeh.

S: He didn't graduate there. He was all for writing. Everything was writing. We even had a little newspaper with his stamp for the family news and everything. Oh, he was just a rabid reader, and so my father and mother saw that he would go to college and get that training. Well, he only got as far as California and he meets a girl he loves that he meets for the first time and they were very happily married. So he never came back. But in high school he had The Black and Gold.

M: What's that?

S: The school paper.

M: Oh.

S: And he really was the first one [to be editor]. Of course now I think they call it The Pinion, is it?

M: You got me.

S: It's the McKinley High School [newspaper] and he was the very first one. Right here at Arcadia there are two of his classmates.

M: Oh, for heaven's sake.

S: Rae was like a ladies' man, very gentle. With me, we'd go over the curbing, he'd always help me over and I didn't resent it, but when the other boys did it I said, "I'm not a cripple." (Lynda laughs) Now you know why I'm an old maid. (laughter)

Well anyhow, he published that for several years I know. You see, that class was the last senior class at the Honolulu High School, they called it.

M: Before it moved to . . .

S: And then we went to that little school there on Victoria [Street], I think it is.

M: Yeh.

S: And I was in the first freshman class but Oliver, who was my second brother, graduated and they didn't graduate there because I don't think it was ready. They graduated at the Odd Fellows Hall. But Rae had already gone to California, so he graduated. And then he [Oliver P. Soares] went to work with [John Alfred] Magoon, the law office.

M: Straight out of high school?

S: Um hm. And Magoon was, I guess, every bit as good as a college education because he was often referred to as a very fine lawyer, Magoon was, and Oliver learned from him, you see. And he had many cases, but if they were very poor he wouldn't take money, you know, but he did very well. Very well.

M: Yeh, your brother's well-known.

S: Hmm?

M: Your brother's very well-known here.

S: Yes, O.P. Soares, they speak of him.

M: Did he ever go to school then actually?

S: No. No. There was an editorial once: self-made man. I

remember his wife used to say in the beginning, I think before they were married, "If you want to go, don't let me stop you. I'll wait for you." He said, "No, I'm going to prove that I can do it." And he did. But he was too generous. It isn't always good. He had two children--Oliver Canario Soares and then Rachel Soares. Those were his two children. Just the two they had.

M: And then what did you do when you got out of McKinley?

S: Oh, I went to high school and in my senior year I decided to be a teacher and I've never regretted it. I love children. Oh, I've loved children from [the time I was] a little kid. I'd pick up the babies in the neighborhood and I'd just carry them around. One friend came from Maui with a six-months-old baby and this dear friend of mine and I, that was our baby or doll, you know. We were little kids. We just changed its diapers and took care of that little girl and, oh, I love babies.

When I was very, very small I'd go across the street to the neighbors and they'd say, of course in Portuguese, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" And I said, "I'm going to get married and have five children." But I love children and I love teaching because I love children, but toward the last I loved the third grade especially. I loved the third grade. You could see development, you know, and you could feel the feeling between pupil and teacher. Every new principal that came, I'd have to go one class above, the class above. And I had the sixth grade. Well, it got so that I thought, oh, I'd have to go and get the movie reels and all those kind of things and some of the teachers weren't professional enough, I thought. If they wouldn't want a child in the room, they'd just send her out and I had to take the child. Sixth grade that was. But it turned out all right. I felt like she had grown to love me and she developed very nicely. Then I thought, well, I'd like the fifth grade so I went to fifth grade, then I got stuck there. Then another principal comes.

M: What school was this?

S: Waialae. I was there for twenty-eight years, from the day it was built.

M: Oh my gosh.

S: And I would have been there another year and gotten my social security. I have no social security because they didn't tell me. I had two years coming to me, so I had gone to the principal and I said, "I'd like to go back to

the third grade. I'd like to end up with the same grade I had when I started." Somehow, I don't know, I used to feel that I was doing something, you know. I felt like I was accomplishing something. Well, he didn't say yes and he didn't say no, and I stayed another year and I'd always have those slow learners that didn't care for learning; didn't care, some of them. We'd sing the "Star-Spangled Banner" and I'd say, "Children, don't you thrill when you sing that?" Huhhh. (Lynda laughs while she demonstrates their apathetic reaction) So I thought, I'm not going to be scolding them; I love children too much. So then I said I was going to retire.

Well, this dear friend of mine from kindergarten days said when I retired she was going to retire because she wasn't too well and the family wanted her to retire, but she said as long as I'd stay, she'd stay. So that's why I made my mistake by not going somewhere else. I can live without it [social security] but still, you know, it would be extra and I could make lots of use of extra money. So he [the principal] told her, "You'll be sorry" but he'd never tell her why. Now she gets social security through her husband, and so does her sister who retired at the same time we did. They all get their social security; I don't get a bit. But I do have Medicare. That's a blessing because you put into it then they give it back to you. But I'm at Kaiser [Medical Center] and it's just wonderful there. No, I should never complain. Most everybody here gets it. There are some that don't.

M: What year did you retire then?

S: Just the year before [she would have been eligible to receive social security benefits]. I think I retired in 1956. I always have to look it up. I know that I only had one more year to go and three months. The first year [of her retirement] I didn't want to substitute [as a teacher] because I felt I could rest up and I didn't substitute except that first year in March. Just a few days, that's all. Then the next year, then I went out and did some but only Waialae School. Then they asked me down at Aliiolani [Elementary School] and I liked it there very much. I did bedside teaching and that was good pay. So I got quite a bit there.

And in the meantime, when I heard that the teachers were going to have social security, I tried to see if I could get something. I did try this Mrs. Kekuku's kindergarten school but she said she wanted somebody that played the piano. Well, I play a little but not enough to earn money off of, so I never had social security. I can't think of a more pleasant note to . . .

M: Uh huh. Well, I wanted to ask you--when you were talking about your father at first, you said he was a cabinetmaker and--or no . . .

S: My grandfather.

M: Your grandfather. But your father worked in this watch factory.

S: In the watch factory. The Illinois Watch Factory.

M: How did he get from that to preaching?

S: Well, these people went up there. You see, he was a very consecrated Protestant when he became a Protestant.

M: But he hadn't had formal training or anything in the ministry.

S: No, no, no, just mission work. In later years, after my own mother died, he went to Moody Bible Institute in Chicago.

M: Oh, I see.

S: That's before he was remarried and he took my oldest brother with him and he went to Moody. I don't know how long. Not too long. I guess it was just a certain period, you know. When we had Mr. Talmadge [Reverend T. Markham Talmadge], and my father had retired, he spoke something about getting an honorary degree or something, you know, and I told him right off he couldn't get it for credits or anything like that but for his services, that would be different. Like so many people. Those are just complimentary doctorates. But nothing was done and, anyhow, that doesn't mean anything to us.

M: Yeh, right. Well, did your father come right straight here and start preaching?

S: Well, these men went there, you see. Mr. [Oliver Pomeroy] Emerson went to Illinois and spoke about it and gave them time and then their minister said that the only one he could recommend would be Tony [Soares]. In those days they were all called Sears, not [Soares]. Now, when I was on an exchange in San Francisco, teaching, I spelt my name S-O-A-R-E-S and pronounced it Soares, but the janitor would always call me Sears.

M: Sears out of Soares?

S: Yes, um hm. Well, that's what I hear, that in California they are. And that's what they called my father and my father's brother. He was always known as Tony Sears. Well, the brother was Sears and all the children accept it and even to this day they go by it. And I know that my cousin had thought of sending their little girl there and I know my cousin who lives in Illinois said, "I'll never let them call her Soares." They all go by Sears, every one of them. In fact, they were baptized that way! (Lynda chuckles) Now when my mother married him, right away she said, "It's to be Soares" because she felt that it [Sears] wasn't their name.

M: Yeh, yeh.

S: And so he was always Soares all the time and we never referred to it. And anyhow, I don't know if that's false ambition or what it is. We were satisfied with it. My father used to always say, "It's what you are that counts."

M: Right.

S: But I couldn't understand why the janitor would call me Miss Sears, so I got the idea that that's what the Portuguese over there maybe were called--Sears too. I don't know. It never bothered me because I had my name written on the outside S-O-A-R-E-S and they couldn't get Sears out of that. (Lynda laughs)

M: Well, did you stepmother carry on this teaching in the school part of the church?

S: You see, my father didn't remarry till about two years after and the teachers of the mission school boarded there and so the children, we were taken care of without having a bonafide mother I guess. It was two years after that they got married.

Now in 1900 was the plague and my three brothers had pneumonia and they pulled through because of the Punchbowl breezes, you know. I didn't get it. So when my youngest brother's child in Kaimuki gets pneumonia he has to go to the hospital. And my mother said, "I pulled you three children out of pneumonia. We never had to go to the hospital." And Oliver says, "Well, you didn't raise them in the basement."

You see, the house that we had at Kaimuki was on this slope and it was a two-story house. Well, the ground floor wasn't below the land or anything like that, but there wasn't that air like Punchbowl breezes coming in. I know I loved that area; I loved that place because it was healthy. Wonderful. But I didn't have it. She pulled us

through everything; she taught us.

Oh, I have a tribute to my stepmother. Mrs. Richards asked me to write it for The Friend, I think, and really it's just beautiful. She dressed my dolls so beautifully. These very wealthy people would sometimes give these clothes and say, "Use what you can or give it away." Of course we didn't need silks and satins and she made a little satin dress for my doll. I can see it yet. Beautifully made. And then she made one of voile and black velvet ribbon all around. I was in the mission school and I took it to school one day. Of course the teacher didn't want me to have a doll on my desk so he had it on his desk where we could all enjoy it. (Lynda laughs) And she taught the boys how to spin tops and made kites. She always was doing something to help us, you know, not in any way that she thought but just a natural mother. She was just a born mother.

And you know, she was engaged to another brother. Three brothers would have married three sisters.

M: Oh my gosh. (laughs)

S: But he came to San Francisco--San Rafael--and put up a store there. And they were engaged because she had started her trousseau, and then he died of pneumonia. So then she came and helped with the mission school, but she never was bitter or anything like that. Never referred to it.

And, my dear, when she got blind the last three years of her life, it was beautiful. She'd say, "Ollie, are you worried? I'm not. You know, all thing work together for good to those that love God, even to those who have diabetes." Fortunately, Dr. [Harry Loren] Arnold had let her have a book on Us Diabetics and that was one phrase in it, you know, that rang a bell because we knew pretty much of Bible verses. And never once did she say, "Now why did this have to happen to me?"

I'd come home tired from school because I had a very difficult class that year--the fifth grade. I never knew if they'd come back with both ears on because they did garden work with the garden teacher, but somehow we got along. But it was a strain and I told my mother because she was a born teacher and she'd say, "Ollie, how did you get along today?" I said, "Pretty good, Mama, pretty good." Then after two or three times she'd say that and she'd say, "Well, I was praying for you." Now this may sound out of the ordinary but it wasn't. And I said, "Mama, funny, today I felt like there was a presence in the room; the children were so calm and everything." I don't know. We were brought up with faith, you know. In this day and age you need it more than ever. (laughter)

When she was blind I read five books. And [she was]

hard of hearing, so I'd go down to Liberty House. You know those rolls the silk comes rolled on--wrapped on. Well, I'd carry those great big cylinders home and I'd get a paper cup and put it in so other people could speak through it. And here I was with this tube and every time she'd turn her head I'd do that. (laughter) And I read five books that first summer.

M: Oh my gosh.

S: One was The Fighting Angel. That's Pearl Buck's.

M: You must have been hoarse.

S: No. It wasn't continuous.

M: When did your stepmother die then?

S: I beg your pardon?

M: What year did your stepmother pass away then?

S: January of the blitz. She was in the hospital.

M: Nineteen forty-one [1941].

S: Well, 1942. January, you see. December 7, 1941 was the attack. And on Fourth of July of 1941, my brother lived at Waimanalo and we'd go down there very often.

M: Which one was this, now, Francis?

S: No, Oliver. Every Sunday he'd come for her and take her down. And this Fourth of July I had a car. I mean, I got a car when I taught at Kalihi Waena. I taught at Kalihi Waena [Elementary School] for a few years until 1928. And we went down to Waimanalo. Well, a weekend like that people have lots of company and I used to always read to her. And then the daily reading, you know. So this Saturday she said, "Ollie, you didn't read to me today." Well, I couldn't with all that commotion, you know, so I said, "Well, I will tomorrow." She says, "Well, there'll be lots of people down here and you won't be able to." I said, "No, I will. We can come outside and I'll read."

So we went under the hau trees and I sat under there and it began to drizzle. So we walked kind of fast and she says, "Oh, this is all right if I don't . . ." and she was going to say, "fall," and just then her legs gave way but she did not touch the ground. But in, I guess, a jerk or something she broke her hip and she was in traction. Blind, hard of hearing, and the leg up in traction. Never

once did she complain. Never once. Her blindness, she took it. Oh my. Really it took away the horror of blindness for me because I had an awful horror of blindness.

M: She was diabetic. Was that the cause of it?

S: Well, the blindness, yes--the burning away of the optic nerve so there was no cure at all.

M: Yeh.

S: Oh, we tried. I went to so many. Dr. [C.W.] Trexler had just come and everybody was talking about Dr. Trexler so I went to him. He'd examine. He'd say, "Well, I can see clear through, so it's not cataract." And then, "Come again." And I was driving and nobody to help me. I'd have her hold onto the Young Hotel post of some kind there and I'd say, "Now I'll park my car and then I'll come." You know, it was an awful strain but she never complained.

So the third time we went to Trexler and I said, "Doctor, like life and death, you can always find the money; but if nothing can be done, we can't afford it." He never had the courage, you know, to really tell me. I took it worse than she did. You couldn't talk to me that my tears would just flow, but my mother never sensed it. So she said to the doctor, "Is there any hope?" I don't know how she worded it. And he said, "No." And then my mother said, "Oh, then there's no hope." He said, "Well, where there's life there's hope."

END OF SIDE 2/1ST TAPE

BEGINNING OF SIDE 1/2ND TAPE

M: Can you recall, in the Portuguese community, anything of interest that stands out in your memory involving your parents or not?

S: Well, I'll tell you one thing. I don't know how old I was. It was pre-school age. We had no relatives here at all and my mother would tell stories about when she was a girl with her sister Mary and so forth. And when she'd peel apples, if that peel would go completely around the apple and not break, that meant a relative was coming to visit us. Of course it was always Aunt Mary. Everything was always Aunt Mary. I said one day, "Goodby, Mama, I'm going to see Aunt Mary." She said, "Goodby" and off I went.

M: Where was Aunt Mary?

S: Springfield, Illinois. (Lynda laughs) But she knew I was always imagining, you know. I had a great imagination. Punahou Preparatory School in those days was where the governor's mansion is, right in that plot there [next to Washington Place], and my two brothers, Rae and Oliver, went there. Rae was coming home for lunch and I was way down past the church and past the Chinese poi shops. And there were lots of things that they had told my mother about those poi shops and young girls and so forth. So when Rae comes home for lunch, here I was, way down there walking. What would I have done when I got to the waterfront? (Lynda laughs) Oh, he was so scared. Rae was very delicate and very sensitive and gentle. He was more like my Mother Rachel, you know. "Mama, I found Ollie way down there!" Can you guess what she did to me?

M: No.

S: She tied my leg to the leg of the table. Today, psychologists would think that was criminal. It cured me; I never ran away again. (laughter) I never went to see Aunt Mary. But I did love to go to the neighbors, and whenever there were babies or anything like that, I was always with babies when I grew older. Always with babies.

M: Were most of the people that lived around you in that area Portuguese?

S: They were all Portuguese except the Hawaiians on either side of us. You've heard about Mayor [John H.] Wilson years ago.

M: Um hm. Um hm.

S: Well, they lived in one of those houses there just below us. The Hawaiians were always pleasant and one, the Hawaiian girl, I think you'd know her because she was quite prominent--Anna Harrison.

M: No, it doesn't ring a bell.

S: Well, she lived next door and she was a little older than I.

M: This was on Pele Lane, you say.

S: Uh huh. In those days it was Kinau Lane.

M: And the church was on Punchbowl [Street].

S: Back this way, you see, quite a ways but there was no

street in between, from the back of our place to the church.

And oh, I was such a tomboy. My mother said that I'd come near to breaking my neck and never have any accident. We had a horse and a barn. We'd climb up the barn and I'd jump from the barn down to the ground. Never broke a bone. I was a typical tomboy. Having three brothers, I had to be the leader of course. We'd climb up this pepper tree down at our country place and of course we'd carve our initials but of course I'd have to go higher than they. Funny, I didn't keep up that spirit. Too bad I didn't. Maybe I'd make something of myself if I had that get ahead. We put our intitials up there.

Now Oliver, he could climb up--we'd climb up the ladder to go to the top of the house at the country place--he couldn't come down. And of course with me I'd think, oh my. I would come down like nothing, you know, right down those steps but I never had an accident. My mother said when I was a little bit of a thing we had a two-story house--the first house that I remember, the Hawaiian Board place--and I'd roll down without wanting to, you know; I'd roll down all those steps and, she said, when I got to the last one I would just stretch out there. I never got hurt. (Lynda laughs)

M: A cat with nine lives.

S: But when they went on their honeymoon and the two mission teachers were there, I'd jump rope and I'd do everything. There was a concrete slab right there at the stairway and I fell and I've got the scar yet on my knee. Those poor things, they didn't know what to do and they couldn't see eye to eye on everything, you know, but they were worried. I can see. They got sugar and they did everything. I still have the scar. But I never had anything. Then in later years, nothing; nothing much.

M: Where did your stepmother and father go for their honeymoon?

S: Mr. Cooke gave them the wedding present. They went to Maui. That's where they met this Mrs. Arcia who was Fernandes. Her father was Fernandes. And he [Mr. Cooke] also said they could go to Kauai but she didn't want to leave us that long. And I'm glad because this teacher there, any little thing [we did] she'd make us stand with our face to the wall. Now we were never punished like that. The way we were punished, Francis and I, if we cut up at the table--this is later years; those people had gone off and married and we were home alone--"You may go into the bathroom." Well, that was no punishment because

we had each other to talk to. Now my stepmother--my mother--she didn't talk much about what she was going to do, but she got that hairbrush and I'd say, "Mine is redder than yours." (laughter) But no resentment, you know.

M: Uh huh.

S: I don't know. But I got more than all of them put together because I was rambunctious. Francis was more gentle.

M: You mentioned that your father had a little mission down in Kakaako?

S: Yes, yes, and we used to go down there.

M: Did he hold services regularly down there?

S: Well, it was a regular Sunday School. We had hours, I think, in the morning and that place was in the afternoon. That I don't remember too well but I do remember the street meetings. Grown-ups would go and young people.

M: Right there in your neighborhood?

S: Right in Kakaako. And to me Kakaako was a vile place, and look how valuable it is today. The money you get for that property. We'd go down there and, oh my, we just loved that--the folding organ, you know. My cousin would play it and sometimes somebody else would play it and we'd sing to our hearts' content. I don't know. I'd say I had a very happy childhood; very happy.

M: Was your father what we'd call today a real fundamentalist?

S: Well, with him, he didn't go into all these things. He'd say, "I preach Christ and Him crucified." That was his slogan. What Christ says, what Christ does, not what he would say or his trans. . . . What would you say?

M: Well, did he interpret the Bible literally?

S: Yes. What the Word was, that was what it meant. But he never went into any of these. . . . He'd say that he could stand it if somebody would argue with him rather than just be placid and not be interested. He'd say, "I could stand it much more," when he'd make home calls, you know, among the Catholics. But if they just were indifferent, it didn't please him at all. He wanted them to come back and say, "No, it's this or that," but he never stressed one point.

Of course in those days it wasn't Christlike to dance. Well, I didn't miss it but some of the girls, later years, did but they've learned how. But before he died and he was still a practicing minister, there was a young man in our church, a very fine young man much younger than I but everybody loved him. He was always going to the old people and doing this and that and helping in the church all the time. So one day my father said, "Alvin, why is it that you don't want to join the church? Is it because of dancing?" And then my father said, "Don't let that stop you." So you see, they did come a long ways after that.

M: Were you raised very strictly in that way?

S: Well, it was just understood. I think most of the churches--I know the Methodists were very adamant on that. But he never preached a sermon or anything like that about it; it was understood, just like the drinking and the smoking and so forth and so on. But some never gave up their smoking and he never said they were going to hell. Never did he say that. He just preached the way he interpreted.

One time there was a man in the neighborhood who came to church. He never did join or come again, I guess. I don't know. After the service he went up to my father. "Who's been telling you my life?" My father said, "Well, I've never met you before. I don't know anything about you. I'm just telling you what's in the Bible." So you see, it was so plain that people would take it personally. But I will say, not because he was my father but he was fair, very fair. He'd say, "As long as I know my children are doing what's right, I can face the people; but if not, then I can't face them." So we were brought up that way, but I don't know. Myself, I didn't resent it.

Now my youngest brother, Francis. There was a boy. Oh, he was a torment. That boy was a torment even with grown-ups and Francis would come home and he'd say, "If I wasn't a minister's son, I'd lick that Harry." When my mother was blind and had so much time to think. . . . Like I said, she was an avid reader. She belonged to the Chautauqua and they'd go to those lectures and she read a lot in psychology and all that. When she sat there in her blindness she'd say, "We should have let Francis do it but we couldn't. We couldn't."

Just to show you why: now my oldest brother, sweet and gentle, and this boy would torment him. And so he, like a gentleman, went to the mother and he said, "Harry did such and such" and he said to her, "That, of course, was an indignity." He said, "If you're not going to do anything about it, I will." Of course he spoke Portuguese better than we did because he was raised with my uncle and

aunt. He spoke Portuguese very well. And so she comes to my father and says never in her life had she been so insulted as she was by a young boy--Rae. And that's the way he insulted her.

I don't think it's necessary to say how he [Harry] ended. He ended in Oahu Prison. He'd come over eating California fruit and those days, you know, it was only steamer. The father was a fine, quiet gentleman. He was a shoemaker and worked very faithfully and they got along. She took in nice laundry from these rich, wealthy people and did their lovely linens. And that's the only way they got their money, but he always had California fruit and he'd come eating it, you know.

M: This was the kid.

S: Um hm. And Rae came in the house and he said, "I don't care. I'm going downtown and I'm going to buy California fruit and I'm going to charge it to King Kalakaua!" (laughter) He was king then when he was there. So after years and years my mother would say, when he lived in California, "I wonder if Rae has had enough California fruit." (laughter) I thought it was so cute.

M: So you had to sort of tread a narrow line in your neighborhood.

S: We had what?

M: You had to kind of walk a narrow line in your neighborhood to keep from causing problems for your father.

S: Well . . .

M: To some extent.

S: Of course we didn't because we wouldn't dare, you know. With me it was just climbing trees and everything else and carrying babies around on my hip. I just dearly love babies. And yet I don't resent it now. Of course I know that I guess I could have if I had wanted to [marry and have children], but I had an ideal. I even gave him a name and I named my doll Charity Kent. And he was Richard Kent. (laughter) This was high school days and before, I guess, and I never told anybody except this cousin in California. I told her and in later years, long years after, she sent me a little clipping that Richard Kent would have a display of his painting. (laughter)

When I read stories, my mother once said, "If you're going to take them all like that, I'm not going to let you read." You don't know anything about the Pansy books?

M: No, hm um.

S: How I used to read all those! One was only ten cents and the other one, I don't know. It was really a little too old for me, I guess, because this lovely woman sang in the choir and a young man from another state came to that church and she fell in love with him and then it didn't work out. And I went brooding around the yard, brooding because I lived it, you know.

M: (chuckles) Yeh. I know what you mean.

S: My mother said, "Ollie, if you're going to take things to heart like that, I'm going to stop you from reading." Of course she meant she wouldn't stop me from reading schoolbooks and things. But I got over that.

M: Did you go to [the Territorial] Normal School? Is that where you got your teacher training?

S: Um hm. In those days we could do it in one year. They were trying to make it two years and Professor [Marion M.] Scott, who was our principal [at McKinley High School] then, said, "I'll never send any of my students there if they have to make it in two years." But I'll tell you, my four years in high school were so much happier than the one year at Normal. They catered to the Normal girls that had gone there from the eighth grade up, you know, and they knew just what was expected of them. All those plans on foolscap paper: I shall do this, I shall do that. Always I shall this.

M: You mean teacher lesson plans and things?

S: Um hm. Everything was "I shall," but how many times! If you put "I shall" and then put your little [ditto] marks there, then you knew it was going to be all the way through. But no, every time you'd have to do it. Every time. You know what I can't understand: I couldn't draw and yet I don't know how I got through Normal without the teacher ever saying [anything about it]. When I did go to the blackboard to illustrate my story, because I had to do that, as soon as I got through I stood in front of it. While I was drawing I was talking and the children were watching, but I was always ashamed of my work and I always stood in front. Never once did Mrs. Marshall ever say anything about my drawing. [Lila G. (Mrs. W.H.) Marshall]

This friend of mine, we'd always stand together and she was drawing at the blackboard and I don't remember drawing--I must have--and she [Mrs. Marshall] comes up to her and says, "That's a new specie." (Lynda laughs) And

I just marvelled at it. Now, I compensate I think. Maybe she knew that I loved children and that was more important, (laughter) because I did. I love children and that's why I quit because I was not loving them like I should. I couldn't because there was indifference and they didn't care.

M: Yeh, that does make it awfully hard. I know what you mean.

S: Um hm.

M: I haven't got my glasses on and I must keep track of the time. Can you tell me what time it is?

S: It is five to three.

M: Oh, I can read that.

S: Five to three. Going fast, huh?

M: I'll say.

S: I've enjoyed this. I hope it's been of any value to you.

M: Oh, very much so. (counter at 281)

END OF INTERVIEW

Re-transcribed and edited by Katherine B. Allen

Father: Antonio Victorino Soares (2/10/1860 - 1930) b. Azores
Mother: Rachel Augusta Fernandes (2/7/1862 - 1895) b. Illinois
Stepmother: Arcenia Priscilla Fernandes (? - 1942) b. Illinois
Siblings: Antonio Rae (1888 -) b. Illinois
Oliver Pedro (1890 -) b. Honolulu
Francis Cooke (1893 -) b. Honolulu
Rachel (1895 - 1895) b. Honolulu
Interviewee: Olympia (1892 -) b. Honolulu

Subject Index

1 Family history: Soares

Antonio Victorino Soares

John Soares

2 Religious persecution in Madeira

Dr. Kalley, medical missionary

Antonio Victorino Soares

John Soares

Anecdote: Dr. Kalley in Madeira

Bible burning in Madeira

Catholic-Protestant conflict, Madeira

3 Dr. Kalley's escape from Madeira

Family history: Fernandes-Soares

The Fernandes in Springfield, Illinois

Abraham and Mary Ann Todd Lincoln

Antonio Victorino Soares

Rachel Augusta Fernandes

4 The conversion of Antonio V. Soares

Soares-Fernandes marriage, 1881

John Soares, whaler

Antonio V. and Rachel A.F. Soares

5 The Fernandes family

Antonio Soares' employment

Rachel Fernandes' church work

6 The A.V. Soares become missionaries

6 Hawaiian Board of Missions
Central Union Church
Peter Cushman Jones
Robert Baptiste
Antonio V. and Rachel A.F. Soares
7 The Reverend Pires
Portuguese missions in Hawaii
Hawaiian Board of Missions
The A.V. Soares' missionary work
The Portuguese Church in Hawaii
Mary C. Atherton (Mrs. Theodore) Richards
Central Union Church
8 Anecdote: Mr. Castle's gift
Antonio V. Soares' salary
Hawaiian Board of Missions
Antonio V. Soares: word portrait
9 Mount Hermon Conference, Santa Cruz
Antonio Soares' religious attitudes
Rachel A.F. Soares; Bishop Stephen
10 The Soares family's residences
Oliver P. Emerson Soares
Antonio Rae Soares
Francis Cooke Soares
Baby Rachel Soares

10 Rachel A.F. Soares' death, 1895

11 The naming of the Soares children

Antonio Rae Soares; Olympia Soares

Oliver Pedro Soares

Francis Cooke Soares; Baby Rachel Soares

Oliver Pomeroy Emerson

Arcadia Retirement Residence

12 Central Union Church

A.V. Soares' property

A.V. Soares marries Arcenia P. Fernandes

13 Lilanet Lydgate (Mrs. A.F.) Cooke

Soares family history

A.V. Soares' property

The Dillingham family

The Soares family's Kaimuki residence

14 Arcenia Priscilla Fernandes Soares

Antonio Rae Soares' education; interests

Honolulu High School; McKinley High School

The Black and Gold; The Pinion

15 Antonio Rae Soares

O.P. Soares' education; employment

John Alfred Magoon, attorney

16 The O.P. Soares family

Oliver Canario and Rachel Soares

16 Olympia Soares' education; interests
Olympia Soares' teaching career
Waialae School
17 Olympia Soares' teaching experiences
Olympia Soares' retirement, 1956
Waialae School
Aliiolani Elementary School
Mrs. Kekuku's kindergarten school
18 Family history: Soares
A.V. Soares' employment; mission work
Moody Bible Institute
Reverend T. Markham Talmadge
Oliver Pomeroy Emerson
The Soares: also known as the Sears
19 A.V. Soares: Tony Sears
Arcenia P.F. Soares
Soares family history
20 Arcenia P.F. Soares: a word portrait
Mary C. Atherton (Mrs. Theodore) Richards
Family anecdotes
Dr. Harry Loren Arnold
21 Arcenia P.F. Soares death, 1942
Soares family history
O.P. Soares

21 Kalihi Waena Elementary School

Arcenia P.F. Soares' medical problems

22 Dr. C.W. Trexler

Anecdote: Olympia Soares and Aunt Mary

23 Punahou Preparatory School

Washington Place

Antonio Rae and Oliver P. Soares

The Soares family's neighbors

Mayor John H. Wilson

Anna Harrison

24 Childhood memories: playtime activities

Oliver P. Soares; Amos Francis Cooke

The A.V. Soares' honeymoon trip

The Soares family's way of life

Francis Cooke Soares

25 A.V. Soares' ministry

26 Discussion of Christian morality

Soares family anecdotes

Francis Cooke Soares

Antonio Rae Soares

27 Anecdote: California fruit and Kalakaua

Anecdote: the Kent family

28 Olympia Soares' education

Territorial Normal School

28 Professor Marion M. Scott

McKinley High School

Olympia Soares' normal school experiences

Lila G. (Mrs. William H.) Marshall

29 Genealogy

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

In May 1971, the Watumull Foundation initiated an Oral History Project.

The project was formally begun on June 24, 1971 when Katherine B. Allen was selected to interview kamaainas and longtime residents of Hawaii in order to preserve their experiences and knowledge. In July, Lynda Mair joined the staff as an interviewer.

During the next seventeen months, eighty-eight persons were interviewed. Most of these taped oral histories were transcribed by November 30, 1972.

Then the project was suspended indefinitely due to the retirement of the foundation's chairman, Ellen Jensen Watumull.

In February 1979, the project was reactivated and Miss Allen was recalled as director and editor.

Three sets of the final transcripts, typed on acid-free Permalife Bond paper, have been deposited respectively in the Archives of Hawaii, the Hamilton Library at the University of Hawaii, and the Cooke Library at Punahou School.